

TO THE
MEMORY
OF

The Right Honourable *K Keith*

WILLIAM,
Late EARL of KINTORE.

A
O E M

Humbly Inscrib'd

T O

The Right Honourable

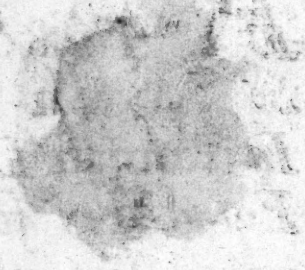
JOHN, present Earl of Kintore.

By John Harvey, Author of the Bruce.

Manibus date lilia plenis,
Purpureos Spargam flores ———
His Saltem accumulem donis, & fungar inani
Munere. ——— VIRG. Apoth. in Marcell.

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T O

The Ingenious Author of the following Poem, &c.

A S none but Scots in Battle e'er defy'd
 The Roman Arms, and check'd their growing Pride :
 So Scottish Bards alone with equal Fame,
 In Roman Lays cou'd vye with Ancient Rome,
 Equal they soar'd aloft, with boundless Flight,
 And left th' Inferiour Nations out of Sight !

But while they Triumph thus in Latin Bays
 The English Bards in English claim the Praise;
 Pope's sprightly Genius strives to gain the Race :
 And follows Homer with an equal Pace,
 And matchless Add'son, in his fam'd Campaigns
 Like Virgil's Hero makes his Marlbro' shine.

Our Scottish Swains have follow'd these in vain,
 Shibboleth still confess'd the native Strain.

But You my Friend, have in your Poem shown
 What Add'son's self, without a Blush might own.
 The Valiant Keith no less than Marlbro' shines,
 Above in Merit, equal in thy Lines.

Go on, my Friend, in manly Verse inspire
 Our Scottish Youth with Ancient Scottish Fire;
 Paint Bruce's Actions in their brilliant Light,
 And all the Glories of th' unequal Fight;
 Here Douglass follow'd, There the English run,
 And Seas of Saxon Gore swell'd Bannock-Burn.

Tho' Scotia's Sons, o' late degen'rate grown,
 Tamely gave up their Sov'reign and their Crown,
 Inglorious Wretches! who their Country sold,
 And meanly barter'd Liberty for Gold;
 Slaves to the proud insulting Saxon Race,
 How will they look their Fathers in the Face,
 When in th' Elysian Shades? if e'er they reach that Place.

Yet some there are who injur'd Albion's Right
 Dare still assert, and for Her Cause dare Fight;
 True Fergus's Sons, of whose untainted Blood
 No sordid Drop e'er stain'd the Crimson Flood:
 These be thy Theme, their glorious Acts proclaim,
 And eternize thy Numbers in their Fame.

(5)

TO THE
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OF

The Right Honourable
WILLIAM late Earl of *Kintore*.

A
P O E M.

W Hilst Thou, Great Soul, pursu'st Thy airy Way ;
Mount'st on a Thought, and bear'st on endless Day :
Whilst, on Immortal Wing, Thou skim'st the Skyes,
And view'st the whirling Orbs with vast Surprise :
Now whilst, Sublime, Thou soar'st above the Pole,
Where Matter is no more, and no more Worlds roll.

B

Please

Please stoop, Great Shade, a Moment, on thy Wing,
 And hear an humble Bard devoutly sing.
 Fain wou'd I all Thy Ancient Glory trace,
 And sing th' immortal Honours of Thy Race :
 Conscious of native Weakness, all in vain,
 An humble Muse attempts the Lofty Strain.
 Whilst I the vast, the arduous Task pursue,
 What Scenes of Wonder open to my View ?
 Glories on Glories, still successive, rise,
 Whilst all th' immortal Race assert their native Skies !
 Yet fondly still the Muse attempts their Fame,
 And still, unequal, sinks beneath the arduous Theme.
 So sprightly *Pope* doth all his Force engage
 To reach the Heights of the *Mæonian* Page ;
 Sublime on daring Wing, thro' Paths ne'er trod,
 He views Great *Homer* tow'ring like a God :
 Fir'd with unequal Rage, he toils in vain,
 And heav's, and gasps ; Opprest beneath the mighty Scene.

Ye Pow'rs ! Be kind for once, For once inspire
 A willing Genius with uncommon Fire.
 And Thou, Great Shade, dart, from thy native Skies
 A Smile propitious, on my feeble Lays.

I feel th' inspiring Ray ! ----- my Spirits rowl;
 And Tides of Rapture swell my lab'ring Soul.
 Where shall the Muse thy Ancient Glories trace ?
 Back to fam'd *Barry* let us haste apace.

Triumphant *Sveno*, insolently proud;
 In all the Pomp of Lust and Rapine rode
 Thro' ruin'd *England*, which oppos'd in vain;
 And, conquer'd, tamely dragg'd th' inglorious Chain;
 How did the bold successful Tyrant smile ?
 Hoping to bound his Conquest with the Isle;
 Against the *Scots* his conqu'ring Arms he bends;
 And Hardy *Camus*, to reduce them, sends.

From *Cimbrian* Shores, in haste, the warlike *Dane*,
 Thirsting for Glory, Launches to the Main.
 Swift, with inspiring Gales, he's wafted o're,
 And, in *Bodotria's* Channel, seeks the Shore.

Vain Enterprize ! -----

In shining Steel the *Scottish* Squadrons stand,
 And Death and Terrour guard the fatal Strand.

Enrag'd, he turns, and skimming *Rossia's* Coast,
On Fair *Aeneia's* Shore he lands the Barb'rous Host!

No sooner from their Ships the Troops descend,
But Sword, and Fire, and Ruin waste the Land.
They all the Villages to Ashes turn,
And, with devouring Flames, the yellow Harvests burn.
Alarm'd, Great *Malcolm*, e're it was too late,
Hastes to prevent his sinking Country's Fate,
Streightway the *Guilded Lyon* waves in Air,
Round which, in Throngs, the daring *Scots* appear.
Their native Rights all eager to assert,
Glory and Freedom glows in ev'ry Heart.
With Care paternal, anxious *Malcolm* scans
Th' Events of War, and conquer'd *England's* Chains.

Now did the rapid Sun his Beams display,
And, mounting, darts around the dreadful Day;
The Hostile Squadrons now each other view'd
Glitt'ring in horrid Iron; the Legions stood
In terrible Array; Extended far
O're *Barry's* direful Plains; a dreadful Length of War!
Their

Their shining Arms reflect the blended Rays,
 And flash on either Host a dismal Blaze.
 Thus rang'd in steely Pomp, and deep Array;
 The eager Troops demand the bloody Day.

When freight the sprightly Trumpet, from afar,
 Swelling with awful Clang, inspires the War :
 And whilst the Hills the loud Alarm rebound,
 Each Hero feels his Soul dilating with the Sound.

But, O my Muse, what Numbers wilt thou find
 To sing the Ancient Scots in Battle join'd ?
 The Signal given. Wing'd with impetuous Rage,
 The Rapid Squadrons furiously engage !
 So rush the warring Elements on high,
 When Tides meet Tides encount'ring in the Sky ;
 When wat'ry Floods and Flames together roll,
 And, with their hideous Roar, confound the Pole.

Now Hate and Glory fire their Souls by turns,
 And in full Fury all the Battle burns.
 From temper'd Steel the streaming Flashes fly,
 Blending a horrid Gleam, and mingling with the Day !

(TO)

The Rushing Nations mix their dismal Cries,
And Shouts and dying Groans torment the Skies.

With former Success flush'd th' insulting *Dane*,
Born on a rapid Courser, scours the Plain,
Urging the War: The *Scottish* Troops give Way;
Confus'd in Heaps expiring Squadrons lay;
And anxious *Malcolm* sees the sad declining Day.
With sudden Dread he feels his Spirits chill'd,
And Pale, and Hopeless, views the deadly Field.

Now, Gen'rous *KEITH*! Now does Thy awful Name
Commence its Glory in the Rolls of Fame.
Hail Godlike Youth! who fir'd with gen'rous Grief,
Flew to Thy Country's, and Thy King's Relief;
Born on Revenge, Thou wing'st Thy dreadful Way,
Rushing thro' all the Havock of the Day;
Thro' Death and Ruin driv'st upon thy Foes,
Restor'st Thy Country's Honour, and the Cause.
In Heaps expiring ly the mangled *Danes*,
And Hills of Carnage glut the fatal Plains.
The rapid *Lochty*, choak'd with Tides of Blood,
Rolls, groaning, to the Sea, a Crimson Flood.

Slaughter

Slaughter with clotted Hair, and pale Dismay,
Stalk ghastly o're the Ruins of the Day.

Thus at fam'd *Loncarty*, when murd'ring *Danes*
Had drove the *Scottish* Legions from the Plains;
Undaunted *HAY* beholds the shameful Foil,
And swiftly rushing from his homely Toil,
Choaks the base Flight, and bars the Victor's Way,
And, Thund'ring with his Yoke, Restores the Day.

Illustrious *HAY*! O may thy Ancient Name,
Thy Country's early Pride! The Muses Theme!
Ne're be forgotten in the List of Fame.
Bright, as thy self, may all thy Godlike Line
For ever in the *Scottish* Annals shine.

Thus then, Great *KEITH*, from rescu'd *Scotland's* Fate
Thy Train of Ancient Honours takes its Date.
Malcolm, who strictly cou'd the Field survey,
Soon had thy great Ancestor in his Eye;
And those high Marks of Honour streight bestows;
That justly to his Services he owes.
Which in their native Splendour still unstain'd
His Godlike Sons have gloriously maintain'd.

Fain wou'd I sing each Hero of the Line;
 But the vast Task controuls the just Design;
 For ne're did Fortune raise or sink the State.
 But each brave *KEITH* still shar'd his Country's Fate.

Must then, Illustrious Shade, th' ungrateful Muse
 Her Tribute to thy gen'rous Sire refuse?
 No, no; For ever may his Glory live,
 Brightned with all the Charms the Muse can give.
 In *Scotland* ever be his Name observ'd,
 Dear to Her, as the Honours he preserv'd.

Long had the Tyrant *Cromwel* proudly Reign'd,
 And bold in Success, Gods and Men disdain'd;
 With impious Joy, had seen his Conquests swell,
 On Witchcraft founded, and secur'd by Hell.
 Long had with Artifice, and sly Pretence
 Abus'd the Nation, and confounded Sense.
Britain of all her Rights is quite bereav'd,
 And with the Sound of Liberty enslav'd;
 Her Provinces o'errun, her Cities spoil'd,
 Her Sov'reign butcher'd, and his Heirs exil'd.

Wrapt

Wrapt in his Gyant-crimes, he braves the Skies;
 And Heav'n and Earth and all, but Hell, defyes.
 Now wants he nothing to compleat his Game,
 But th' Ensigns Royal, and a Monarch's Name;
 His too obsequious Friends mistake the Plot,
 Baulk him in This, as did thy Sire in That.

Hail, wondrous Youth! Who, obstinately Good;
 Unmov'd, 'midst all the Shocks of Faction, stood;
 Consummate Prudence in thy Youth appears,
 And Manly Wisdom decks thy Childish Years.
 In thee fond Nature has her self outran,
 And form'd the Patriot before the Man.-----

But now, Great Soul, Thy self the Muses Theme;
 Her Energy commands, and all her Flame.
 She views thee shining in thy double Charms;
 Renown'd in Piety, as well's in Arms.
 The Hero and the Saint divide her Lays,
 Both she admires, and knows not where to praise.
 If trac'd to thy Retirement, we shall find
 Thy Moments all Devotion, all resign'd.

When Souls like thine feel Heav'n's inspiring Rays,
 They shed around no faint no vulgar Blaze.
 Uncommon Raptures thro' their Vitals roll,
 And Flames of Ardour bear the mounting Soul.
 Thus often, wing'd on Pray'r, thou soar'd on High,
 And, lost in Bliss, thou liv'd on Extasy,
 Nor stood thy Piety in this alone,
 The Theory bright in the Practice shone.
 With lib'ral Hand thou dealt thy bounteous Store;
 Reliev'd the Needy, and supply'd the Poor.

But hark ! Once more *Bellona* sounds to Arms;
 And daring *Scots* are ravisht with her Charms;
 Undaunted to the Field they rush in Throngs,
 All eager to redress their Country's Wrongs.
 Behold the Hero, with his warlike Train;
 In martial Pomp, advancing to the Plain;
 Unmov'd, He hears the Thund'ring Engines roar,
 And, fearless, marches on thro' Tides of Gore.
 Inspir'd with Rage, and with his Country's Cause,
 He rushes, like a Torrent, on his Foes.
 Confus'd around ly scatter'd Heaps of slain;
 And Crimson Streams float o're the Purple Plain.

But

But ah ! Great *George*, how shall my Thoughts get free,
 To speak the Fulness of my Soul for Thee ?
 We saw Thee, when, impatient of the Rein,
 Thy bounding Courser paw'd the dusty Plain ;
 We saw Thee rush, (and wondred at the Sight !)
 Dauntless thro' all the Ruins of the Fight ;
 When Thy vast Soul, too prodigally Great,
 Brav'd sulph'rous Storms, and Tempests wing'd with Fate !
 Immortal *George* ! we saw what Heaps of Foes
 Fell Victims to Thy Fury, and the Cause.-----
 But here the fetter'd Muse must skim the Shore,
 Fain wou'd she rise, but knows she dares not soar.

Farewell, Great Shade ! But see th' Illustrious Fair
 Melting in Woe, and plung'd in deep Despair,
 In all her Pomp of solemn Grief appears,
 Beauteous in Clouds, and charming in her Tears !
 Ah ! cease, Divinely Fair, thy useless Cries,
 And on thy blooming Off-spring turn thine Eyes.
 Repress each rising Sigh, each pious Groan,
 And view the Sire reviving in the Son :

The Son ! whom ev'ry Grace conspires t' adorn,
To better Times, we hope, and softer Periods born.

Farewell, Great Shade ! too long, with pious Strains,
Th' officious Muse thy sacred Ear detains ;
Too long she fondly dwells upon thy Praise,
In artless Numbers, and unmeasur'd Lays.

Farewell, Illustrious Shade ! pursue Thy Way,
To the bright Regions of Eternal Day.
And whilst, on rapid Wing, thou bend'st thy Flight,
Thro' flaming Spheres; and Tides of Purple Light ;
Where thou behold'st Omnipotence on High,
Enthron'd in Splendours, and a Blaze of Day !
There, while thou roam'st in boundless Happiness,
Lost in eternal Extasy's of Bliss ;
Here shalt thou live Immortal in thy Fame,
And latest Ages shall Applaud thy Name.

